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YSELF



770







# I, MYSELF.

*"The Mind, I, Myself." — Paul.*



BY  
JAMES LOGAN GORDON,  
*General Secretary*  
*Boston Young Men's Christian Association.*

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*In life*  
*Rev. James L. Hill, D.D.*

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*52,771*

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**THIS VOLUME I AFFEC-  
TIONATELY DEDICATE TO  
MY WIFE.**

**A CHRISTIAN WOMAN IS  
THE BRIGHT CONSUMMATE  
FLOWER OF A CHRISTIAN  
CIVILIZATION.**

**J. L. G.**





## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

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I. IDENTITY.	PAGE
I AM HE . . . . .	7
II. ANCESTRY.	
I AM A PHARISEE, THE SON OF A PHARISEE . .	13
III. CAPACITY.	
I CAN DO ALL THINGS . . . . .	26
IV. ORIGINALITY.	
I CONSULTED WITH MYSELF . . . . .	39
V. INDIVIDUALITY.	
I LIVE AND YET NOT I . . . . .	61
VI. GENIUS.	
I LABOR THAT I MAY BE ACCEPTED . . . .	76
VII. "THE MIND, I, MYSELF."	
I THOUGHT WITHIN MYSELF . . . . .	88



## ECCE HOMO.

Eighteen hundred  
Years ago,  
Upon Judean hills,  
A Character  
Of wondrous blending  
Suddenly appears.

The Man of Destiny,  
Man destined to be.

In profile projected,  
By prophets predicted.

In symbols reflected,  
Longed for — expected.

By all ages desired,  
By archangels admired.

Like man he walked,  
Like God he talked.

His words were oracles,  
His acts were miracles.

Of God the best expression,  
Of Man the finest specimen.

Full-orbed humanity,  
Crowned with divinity,  
No taint of iniquity,  
Nor trace of infirmity.

Ecce Homo : Behold the Man !  
Ecce Deus : Behold the God !



# I, MYSELF

## IDENTITY

I, MYSELF, said to myself—my heart said to my head—my spirit said to my soul—my mind to its myriad members said—my will to its realm of worshipful wishes—the soul-force substantial to the formed soul tangible—"The Mind, I, Myself"—said to myself. . . . .

And this is what I said. . . . .

Of the making of books there is no end—but of the making of books worthy of the reading, the world has scarcely made a beginning.

I would be the author of a book—so near to nature—so alive to life—so true to eventful fact—and so akin to the human heart, that every one of the sons of men, among all of earth's millions, would read my book—and even those who knew not the meaning of words—or understood not the language of

letters:—children too young to lisp the names of those significant but mysterious characters, whose march is from the Alpha to the Omega—that even these would listen with fixed gaze and glistening eye, while saint and seer, son and sage, unravelled the thread of my story—*I would write the biography of a human soul.*

Listen!

I see before me seventy sheets of gray-white parchment, hued as though dipped in the twilight or dyed in the dawn—as flexible as linen and as absorbent as thirsty soil—the finest fabric ever woven by the wedded hands of strength and beauty—woven upon the flaming loom of the imagination—winged — unfettered— free—whose lightning shuttle keeps step and pace with the light—woven out of the silken threads of those elastic skeins of the brain's living tissue, whose folded forms hold in their warm embrace all human faculty. Count them over carefully—seventy sheets of silver; with a sheen and surface as of satin, as though finished with a glaze of diamond dust ground to purest powder, and yet, each mote and beam in and of itself a perfect crystal—and each sheet like the silvered leaf of the forest. These—three-score and ten pages—divided by the fingers of fate, shall

provide ample room for the old, old story of Infancy—Youth—Maturity—Age.

I hold in my hand a pen, whose handle is as smooth as ivory and as pink as human flesh when the rosen hue of health kindles its surface, and yet as strong as though carved out of a human bone in whose perfect fibre no flaw shall be detected. The pen I use is as a spear of light, the diamonds of whose twin converging points are as true each to the other as life and light. I will dip my pen in the warm crimson spray shot forth, at this very moment, from a heart which beats fast and quick to the soul stirring music of an all absorbing ambition. Amber tears of joy and crystal tears of sorrow, dashing their liquid life upon page after page, shall serve as points of punctuation and lend peculiar meaning and striking emphasis to each sentence. While I write, the twin eyes of two eternities shall search my soul and scrutinize each sentence as it leaps from my pen. The spirit-lamp of the Eternal One, who dwelleth in light, shall flash the bright white light of never-fading noon upon each page of my soul-biography.

And when the volume is complete, down to the last niche on the farther side of the lowest purple line of the last sheet of silver parchment,



I will bind them in the manilla of human flesh, and stitch them with the silken thread of human nerve. The front piece shall be the divine profile of a human soul. Destiny shall provide a clasp of silver:—the wrinkled hand of Time shall close the book:—One hard, cold, metallic click! and an echo has been heard as though Death had suddenly set his naked teeth in grim and ghastly satisfaction. But the soul has found wings; earth recedes—the fires of eternity flash in upon the soul; sights before unknown, unthought, undreamed, burst upon the vision. It is daybreak.

For consider:—

He who shall write his own soul-biography, avoiding no fact, and avowing all thought, shall find himself the biographer of every man who has ever breathed our atmosphere, walked beneath our stars, scaled mountains, or crossed seas. High livers and fond lovers, poor peasant and proud patrician, preacher and priest, labor man and lady fine; men of every class, creed and condition; men of every shade, from palest white to ebony's most sombre hue—each man for himself, would demand a copy of that which seemed to be his own soul-biography.

For, every mote that floats in the air is a

minute planet, and every ray of light is an infantile sun. Every drop of water floating upon the wings of mist is a miniature ocean. All truth is one truth. All law one law. All light one incandescent ray. There is but one verse in the hymn universal and the author of that one verse is the one in whose being all things universal exist as a unit. The Universe is the United States of united units, all of whom blend their voices in one unceasing song of praise to the Unit Universal. And God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth; the blood of one is the blood of all; the life of one the life of all.

The breath of life includes the breadth of life. All architecture, all sculpture, all literature, all the achievements of science, all art, all executive ability in organization, all generalship in the management of men, all logic, all eloquence, all that exists in the world to-day as an evidence of what man has done in all the ages gone by, is simply a suggestion of the unmeasured possibilities, unrecognized and unused in your own brain. Man *is* what man has been. Every splendid man is a prophecy of a man just as splendid. "Because I live ye shall live also." Your measure of your own soul is your measure of the human soul. When Shakespeare achieved

the world's Shakespeare he crowned every man with Shakespearean possibilities. Because a Cromwell, a Shakespeare, a Milton, a Gladstone, a Lincoln, a Garrison has lived, I may be any one, I may be all. I may add a brighter to the brightest crown. Every great soul, it matters not of whatever realm, slumbers in you. The best man is not more than humanity at its best.

*Be joyful*; no man has ever climbed a mountain peak which is so high that you may not follow him. *Be Careful*; no man has ever gone down to earth's profoundest depths but that you may not sink to the same mean level. Thou hast wrapped up in thy bosom the possibilities of highest heaven and deepest hell.

## ANCESTRY.

God rolls up the scroll of prophecy and wraps it round with the cord of destiny and hangs it up on the peg of individuality. The chain of destiny, from the first link, half hid in the mist and mystery of history's dawn, to the last link welded before our eyes, can easily be traced in the bright names of the world's powerful and pronounced personalities; the kings and queens of individuality. Great men grow in groups and the great lights in the intellectual firmament sweep onward in constellations and, as they grow more distant, the lesser lights assume the hue of the stronger, and one great composite light appears bearing the stamp and signature of the strongest. Biography is individuality emphasized. History is individuality compiled. History is simply the world's dictionary of biography. History is the continent of biography. The wide plain exists for the mountain range, and the mountain range exists to provide a pedestal for the mountain peak. The history of any period can be compressed and expressed in the names of the individuals who have led

humanity either upward or downward, and these names flash and flame with never dying beauty, or shroud themselves with the blackness and darkness of their own shame and everlasting contempt.

When God would move men, He moves *one man*. This one God-moved man, moves men. Then God-moved men; move men for God. And then there follows the swing and sweep of a spiritual momentum, a movement, a mighty moving of men: and this is the history of the origin of every movement which has ever blessed the world. Every revival of religion, every reformation, every new-born civilization, every magnificent achievement, and every insignificant minority which has ever blossomed forth into an all glorious majority, has had its birth in some one individual soul. To be first in any splendid movement is to be lonely; but to be thus lonely, is to be lofty. When humanity began its march in the world, there was just one man in the procession. One man on the earth below. One God in the heavens above. One man alone. One God almighty. One man with the throne of God behind him and all eternity before him. Splendid backing! Magnificent prospect!

Each century has its achievement. Each generation has its work. One generation makes

an exodus from Egypt but must needs die in the desert. Another generation enters Canaan while still another generation must carry the conquest to its proper consummation. Each generation thinks out some part of one of God's great thoughts. Each generation utters a sentence. Great men are punctuation points.

Each era has its John the Baptist, Jesus the Nazarene, and Paul the apostle. Prophet, philosopher and poet. First the one who prepares men to think. Second, the one who gives men something to think about. Third, the one who arranges thought, records thought, and carries it to the Gentiles. The poet sings of the future. The philosopher seals the song, and the scholar inscribes it upon the scrolls of history. The morning star, the midday sun, and the calm midnight firmament, bathed in the splendor of distant and reflected glory. Every great man is either an expression of his own age or a prophecy of the next—or both.

There were giants in those days. There are organizations in these days. Gigantic institutions must be built out of quarried blocks of giant individuality, block upon block, from the flag-stone upon which humanity walks to the flag-staff from which the ensign floats. The beacon lights of history were men, not institu-

tions. An institution is the manifestation of one mind and the approval of the manifestation by mankind. The history of one generation, in any one realm, may be congested in one name and character. The pulsations of one of the mightiest waves of spiritual power which has swept over the world since the dawn of Pentecost, breathed forth in the six blending voices which converge in that one word—Wesley. A whole system of theology congested in one word of six letters—Calvin. The origin of modern missions to foreign lands can be told in one word—Carey. There was a time when Martin Luther carried the German reformation in his bosom. Clark—stands for Christian Endeavor. Moody—stands for soul winning. Booth—stands for salvation for the slums. Williams—means work for young men. Willard—means queenly womanhood. The records of war are written in the names of the world's great generals. Literature turns over its breathing pages in the lives and lines of the world's greatest penmen. Art paints a picture of itself in the mysterious autographs of the world's greatest artists. Eloquence speaks forth like the voice of many waters in the names of earth's silver tongued, golden mouthed, lightning shod, and thunder-sceptred sons of men.

Every book in the Bible begins with a refer-

ence to Individuality. According to the Scriptural record, every new dispensation begins with a new man. The Old Testament stands for national life in contrast with the New Testament, the emphasis of which is placed upon the life of the individual. The Old Testament covers four thousand years, the life time of a nation. The New Testament covers seventy years; the life time of an individual. The Old Testament stands for the selection of national leaders on the basis of natural ability and personal qualifications, in contrast with the prevailing system or fashion of a ruling dynasty—"I have found David."

One man does one man's work. "Moses my servant is dead, now therefore arise and go over this Jordan, *thou* and all this people." This is the divine analysis of humanity in bulk: "THOU—and all this people." No instrument was ever lifted for God, that did not find its hilt resting in the iron grip of individuality. "*The sword of the Lord*—AND GIDEON."

The birth of Christianity began with the birth of Christ. He stands as the highest and holiest type of individuality. The highest ideal held forth in the New Testament is an individual, not an institution. Institutions are made for men and not men for institutions. Institutions are



made of men. Institutions never yet made a man. Man himself is the most sublime institution yet discovered. This world is to be saved by the individuality of the Son of God and not by the institutions of the sons of men. The individuality of the Son of God, is transmitted through the individuality of the sons of men and stamped upon the individual sons of men as individuals. Man is the only divine institution in the world, through whose instrumentality men are to be saved. The church is an institution for divinely saved men, after they have been saved by a divine Savior.

The charm of Christianity is the offer and proffer of a personal Savior for the personal sinner through the more abundant life of a more powerful and a more pronounced personality. All Christian testimony points toward this fact. "Come see *a man* that told me all things that ever I did." "I have found *Him* of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." "Sirs we would see *Jesus*." "And they came to Capernaum *looking for Jesus*." "They took knowledge of them that they had been *with Jesus*." "Concerning *one Jesus*." "*Whom* having not seen we love." "What think ye, that *he* will come to the feast?" "What think ye of *Christ, whose son is he?*" Paul's idea of heaven was wrapped

up in a divine personality "*with Christ.*" Paul's ideal for earth was compressed and expressed in one word "For me to live is *Christ.*" Christianity can never go down deeper than Christ's grave and must some day rise as high as Christ's throne.

Columbus discovered America. Columbus made a greater discovery, however, than the discovery of America. The greater discovery preceded the great discovery. Columbus discovered Columbus. To discover the continent of your own soul, with its sloping wings bathed in the oceans of two eternities, is the apex of all privilege. Faith in your own being, leads you to own a supreme being, and gives birth to faith in your own ability, and your sense of responsibility to that One, Whose you are and Whom you serve. The moment a man is conscious of his own being he at once turns to find the being who crowned him with consciousness. His own existence makes the existence of another both possible and probable. Man's existence is the guarantee of the existence of a being equal to man if not his superior. The thought of personal responsibility to a divine being is the most impressive thought conceivable, because there can be no other conception of responsibility, except it be a personal responsibility of the

human to the superhuman. The law of human responsibility—responsibility of the child to the father, and the inferior to its superior, rests on this fact.

It is remarkable, that the numerical character which signifies *one*, and the ninth letter of the alphabet, which stands for *individuality*, should be almost one and the same character, and that both should stand forth slender and alone but upright and audacious. Fate is folded up in No. 1. Destiny is determined by No. 1. Man is the victim of circumstances, but man is the biggest Circumstance in the realm of the circumstantial. Number One is the corner stone, the keystone in the arch of individuality. *Number one* is the only lucky number. Matter reduced to its smallest division is only an atom. Man reduced to the lowest number is only one lonely man. Time reduced to its finest measure—a moment. The whole realm mathematical exists for the first numeral.

The letter I, four times incorporated in the word Individuality, should be authorized by a vivid imagination to symbolize a manhood, upright and four square and equal in its proportions. "The measure of a man." "A perfect man." Let the letter which spells out your individuality always appear as a capital. This

is the rule. Let it be a capital "I," for the truly interpreted "I" shall be your best capital. Bible students have culled out what they are pleased to call the "I am's" of Christ; but every great character has been quick to affirm his convictions in the proper use of the personal pronoun—I am. I can. I do. I will. I protest. I affirm. I ought. I strive. I love. I abhor. I reckon. I believe. I wot not. I stand. "I see heaven opened"—"I am now ready to be offered up."

Insist upon being counted. You count for something. Insist that the proper emphasis be placed upon your value, color, weight, measure, size and sum total of manhood. Insist upon it. You count at least one and perhaps more. You are a slender one—1—, or a stawliart two—2—, or a mysterious three—3—, or a flat footed four—4—, or a self-satisfied five—5—, or a well balanced six—6—, or a dignified seven—7—, or an all round eight—8—, or a brainy, top heavy nine—9—, or an eternal circle of vague yawning capacious insignificance—unless you roll yourself alongside some significant character (any one from number one to number nine) and count for all *he* is worth. A cypher ought to marry rich. One and one count more than two, and one and a cypher count ten and more; but

twenty-one poverty stricken cyphers are as bankrupt as one lonely, fatherless and motherless cypher; without a significant character to stand by it and give it position, color and quality. The man who is a cypher, is a link in the chain of human destiny. A cypher, a link in the chain of destiny, poised end up, and sustained by a significant character on one side and an eloquent well rounded period on the other. Remove these two supports and how the orphaned cypher rolls around at the mercy of an unmerciful mathematical gravitation. A layer of mathematical padding. Nothing filling nothing. A cypher fills no place which could not be filled more satisfactorily by any numeral from one to nine. The *cypher* will transform one to ten but *one* will transform one to eleven. A strong personality in the hands of God is stronger than a weaker personality in the hands of the same God. Cyphers do not count up very rapidly, especially, when rolling around in the anatomy of a rapidly growing organization. There is nothing so objectionable as to find a man in whom you can find nothing objectionable or unobjectionable—a cypher—subjectively, objectively, individually, and collectively.

In the aggregate of the details the little things—the insignificant become the significant. You

are as necessary to God's plan as a Luther, Knox, Wickliff, Wesley or Whitefield. God has a man for every emergency and an emergency for every man. There are no small things in the divine economy. There is "an empty niche in the file of royal statues" which only the proportions of your personality will fit and fill. In the car of humanity there is always "room for one more." The size of the room depends on the man. Man is the biggest circumstance in the realm of the circumstantial. A man makes a place in the world and then fills it. The surging waves of humanity will give every man just as much room as he really demands. When you plunge into the ocean of human achievement, you will make and fill your own island where the waters touch your individuality on every side.

In every age, in every clime and in every realm, strong individuality has lifted itself above the common heights of humanity, as church steeples rear their pencilled spires above the ragged, jagged and smoke crowned roofs of a metropolis. The world does the most natural thing when it erects a monument of brass or bronze or granite, life size, full form, and standing alone, on some well chosen eminence or stately site. What could be more suggestive of a pronounced per-

sonality. Alone, Aloft, Aloof, Audacious. And standing there, day and night, regardless of zepher or cyclone. The black iron rock lifting its audacious head and shoulders above the sea's glassy surface, as if it had arisen for a moment from a couch of woven sea-weed, to take a glimpse at the world above, and holding its form erect, whether flattered by an all encircling mirror, or insulted by the hissing tongues of an angry sea, is another suggestion of an audacious personality. Every continent is an island of pronounced personality. The difference between any one of the Thousand Islands and the continent of North America is—personality.

There is only one power in the world—the one man power. Everything must begin with one man and nothing can be brought to an absolute end while this one man lasts. He is the only representative in this world, of the loftiest throne in the universe. He is God's ambassador. The messiah must be a man, bearing a message to his neighbor. The sent of God must be the son of man. Bone of our bone. Flesh of our flesh. Crowned with the garlanded rays of reason's light. Robed in the purple seamed garments of human flesh. Swaying the sceptre of world wide dominion, and heir of all things.

One man. For him the stars utter their silver

notes; for him moons wax and wane; for him suns wrap themselves in garments of light; for him sweeping constellations breathe forth the measured music of life and light. Midday with its shining cope of gold; midnight with its ten thousand quivering points of light, exist for this child of the king.

For this one, nature blooms; beasts labor; birds sing; angels hover. For this one, the forests await in unbroken silence. Earth spreads a carpet of waving green; ocean lifts a mirror of liquid life; and heaven unfolds an arch of mellowed blue, twinkling with the sleepless lights of neighboring worlds. Thou art the universal favorite. The only begotten of the Father. Heir apparent to the throne. It doth not yet appear what we shall be. But we shall be like HIM.



## CAPACITY.

Whatever you possess in common with most men, attests your humanity. Whatever you possess which is uncommon to most men, attests your individuality. The only contribution which any man can make toward the true wealth of the world, is his own individuality. Tears of joy and tears of sorrow will weave their rainbow of blended hues over your earthly existence. But the emphasis upon that part of your life which marches onward, from the point where the bow appears to the place where it disappears, must be sounded forth by the symphony of thine own soul. Men long for recognition—the vital thing is to recognize yourself. The trinity of faith, is faith in self, faith in God, and faith in man. The foundation of individuality is self-confidence. To believe that you are right and to believe that you are right in believing that you are right. Confidence in your own confidence. Faith in your own faith. Trust in your own trust. Your judgment upon your own judgment, which judges, that your own judgment, is good judgment. This may be getting the

thing down fine, but the individual is the finest of the fine—the indivisible—and the indivisible is scarcely visible—only one removed from the invisible.

Self-faith is the saving faith of a man's individuality. It is more important that you should believe in yourself than that others should believe in you. It is more important that you should believe in yourself than that you should believe in anybody else. The supreme moment in a man's life, is not the moment when the world crowns him as successful, but that moment of doubt, uncertainty and perplexity, when, in one splendid act of self-faith, he stakes his life, his reputation, his future, his capital in individuality, on some cherished thought, idea or conviction, which finally opens the door leading upward to the calm heights of conquest and achievement. This self confidence gives the individual a positive character: "He spake as one having authority." Napoleon—"I never fail." Webster—"Nothing is impossible on Bunker Hill." Garrison—"I will not excuse, I will not equivocate." Luther—"I stand, God helping me." David—"My heart is fixed." Isaiah—"I have set my face like a flint." Politicians told Abraham Lincoln that certain expressions in an important address which he was about to deliver

would ruin his prospects as a candidate, but with faith in the truth, and in his own individuality as it interpreted and expressed the truth, and matching his own individuality against the combined individuality of his political advisers, he said that the address should be delivered just as he had submitted it or not at all. And he was true to his decision. The very words objected to became the watch-word and war cry of the campaign and secured his election.

Individuality is apt to show itself between twenty-three and thirty-three. A man may achieve great things between forty and eighty but the foundation is usually laid before he is thirty-five years of age.

Columbus surrounded by a mutinous band on board the frail craft which floated on ocean's bosom, may have been but an outward picture of his own mutinous faculties. But he who could command obedience from within could compell submission from without. There was not a doubt or difficulty presented by any one of the Columbus company that Columbus had not been compelled to answer to himself.

When Columbus declared that he could discover a new world he crowned every man as a possible Columbus. He could never have believed in an unseen continent had he not been

true to the consciousness of his own soul. Columbus—afloat midway between two continents on the bosom of a strange ocean. What a sight for the stars.

He who believes in himself honors his creator. Faith is the May Flower of the soul. Faith afloat on the projecting seas, just beyond the confines of Reason's continent, with the pilot's eye piercing the blue distances in search of a better country.

When the soul begins its voyage in the world, its first thought is to find a fixed star by which to steer, and that star must always be self consciousness of self existence. The best evidence of the existence of a God is the existence of a human mind capable of such a conception. That a man may be not absolutely sure of his own existence is the essence of nonsense. It fails to measure up to the scientific test. It won't work. Tell the poor woman who supplies you with table board and hall-room that you cannot conscientiously pay for the board and lodging of an individual whose existence is not an established fact, and your unconsciousness will suddenly become aware of the existence of an enraged and infuriated consciousness, in the first person, feminine gender, possessing a vocabulary equal to that of the poet's in the hour of his wildest

inspiration. As long as inner consciousness remains within the inner soul, you may not reason it out.

Some of the strongest men have been doubtful of their own strength—trial between self-doubt and self-faith. The darkest hour in a man's life, is the hour in which he is tempted to doubt that which is most characteristic of his own individuality—that one thing in which is wrapped his messiahship. A suggestion of failure hangs over the hopeful worker as he begins his task, but he says: "I would rather die while trying and fail, than live while failing to try." Those who know you best will doubt you most. Your relatives listening to your first speech will look steadily at the floor while you speak. They feel sure you will fail, which is almost sufficient to assure your failure. The man who can sense the soul of an audience, must of necessity be a sensitive man—and to this man, speaking before his own family and friends—doubt is dynamite.

If you do not trust me do not try me. If you are ashamed of me, shun me. If you feel sure I have no message to deliver why bother yourself to be present. The compliment of your presence is the compliment of a prophesied catastrophe. If you love me, believe in me; if you doubt me, depart from me. If my relatives doubt

that I have a message for the human soul, or that having a message, I lack the power and ability to deliver it—let them stay at home. If they insist upon being present, let them occupy a front seat and look me straight in the face. I dread the friend who doubts me. His presence daggers my enthusiasm. A speaker without enthusiasm is as a torch unkindled. The weakness of criticism in the exterior realm of form is this, that it places the whole emphasis upon the weaknesses of the one criticised. Tell me that I am pale and I grow more pale; tell me I am not looking so very badly and the paleness turns to ruddy-hued health. Talk to me about that wart on my physiognomy and I become worried and warty; tell me about the possibilities of the man behind the wart and I may flash it into a pearl; and then every imaginary genius will be looking around for the self same wart on his own physiognomy.

The struggle of early manhood is this, nobody is *sure* of you and you are not sure of yourself. Men doubt the individuality of others because they doubt their own. Doubt yourself and the world has no doubt of you. Believe in yourself and the world disbelieves and then leaves. Peter's personality was very much doubted as he stood without the door; but "P. M." continued

knocking." The lame man said: "I can't walk. I have nobody to help me to walk." Jesus said—"Arise and walk"—and up he arose and walked forth. There is just about one man in one thousand who says to young and crippled individuality "Get up and walk." If you are willing to wait until somebody assures you of your intellectual powers of locomotion, you may wait thirty and eight years. The life of your individuality begins when you hear the inner voice commanding: "Rise up and walk." The moment a child begins to believe in its own power to walk, it rises to a standing position; the moment it begins to doubt, it begins to fall. How many a literary child of vitalizing brain, the power and virtue of whose touch the world was sadly in need of, has been permitted to wander through the avenues of time, a child of charity. The world has reason to be ashamed of itself. Most of the brilliant thinkers and writers have had their first contributions rejected. The first have not unusually been as good as their best.

Humanity has always doubted itself and has suffered for its doubt. We are just beginning to find out that mankind can govern mankind: "A government of the people by the people, and for the people." Christ's public life was simply,

and only three years given up to the affirmation of his divine individuality. "He came unto his own and his own received him not." The people who may be said to own you—will not be the first to own your claim to individuality. Your own world may doubt you and then be surprised to find the whole world crowd about you. When the Nazarene heard Jesus Christ speak at Nazareth, he said, "Is not this the carpenter's son?" But when Jerusalem honored this son of the Nazareth Carpenter, the same individual remarked, that this remarkable young man was from his own town.

There is one respect in which all men are alike; namely: few men if any could be found, so thoroughly dissatisfied with themselves, or so thoroughly pleased with anybody else, that they would be perfectly willing to exchange their own individuality for the individuality of another. With all their dissatisfaction with self, there is some one respect in which they are self-satisfied. This is a kind as well as a divine provision. The span of a man's life is simply the measure of the man's opportunity for the development of his individuality. The proper study of mankind is man. The proper study of a man is to find out what kind of a man he is, personally, contributing to mankind's accumulation of men. If the



study of mankind is man, the study ought to begin at home—subjective, rather than objective. The thought of being only one, and one only, and that one a lonely one, is the last suggestion of old age, when all the friends of youth have departed. It is well for man to know the estimate of his own character from two standpoints: friend and foe. “Whom do men say that I, the son of man, am?”—“Whom do ye say I am?” These two questions furnish a natural outline for a splendid sermon. What is the world’s verdict about Jesus? What is your soul’s verdict? It is well for men to know the judgment of the world as to their own character. We ought to know what our enemies have to say concerning us; and the man who has no enemy should not be envied. Evil stands over against the good as sure as darkness faces the light.

The man of pronounced individuality is a self-centered but not necessarily a self-seeking man. His pivotal point is the exact center of the circumference of his individuality. His law of personal gravitation holds everything true to the center of his own individuality. Everything starts from the center and points backward to the original and pivotal point. As the wildest cyclone that ever blew had a center—a point of

perfect calm; so the strong spirits sweeping over the soul geography of humanity—know a fixed center—a pivotal point, sure, calm, serene Socrates said—"Know thyself." Carlyle said—"Know thy work." All history says—"Trust thyself." Do not conduct thy life on the credit system. Do not seek for men who will trust thee—trust thyself. The first step toward success is to begin with yourself, the second step is to get away from yourself. Every life must be self-centered. The question is, shall the self-center prove a sustaining center for anything beyond self. A man must be judged by the distance between his inward center and his outward circumference. The selfish man never gets beyond himself. His skin and circumference are not divided in the selfishness of death. Recognize your own true pivotal center in your inner soul; in your self existing consciousness. Seek first the empire of thine own individuality and all things shall be added unto thee. The man centers in the mind, the mind pivots on the will; "the mind, I myself." Every man needs a clear title to individuality. "Whose son art thou?"—Assurance of salvation is faith in one's own spiritual individuality. "What saith the scripture?"—Man's pedigree: "which was the son of Adam; which was the son of God?"—Man's

destiny: "a perfect man—unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Jesus Christ."

"In the beginning was the word and the word was God." You are one of God's words. "There was a man sent from God"—you are that man. Believe it. Achieve it. You are as necessary to God's plan as a Wesley or a Whitfield. In humanity's Westminster Abbey there is a niche for your individuality. "There was a man sent from God whose name was———" Insert *your* name. All God's messages to the world are written in the first person. There are as many letters in the divine alphabet as there are human beings in the world, and destiny shall need all of them, even the most insignificant, to spell out the whole thought of Jehovah's loving plan and purpose for humanity. "I am come a light into the world." There are no second-hand sunbeams in the solar system of the divine incandescence of the spiritual existence. The last thing which an individual can afford to have swamped is his individuality. It is the seal of his peculiar personality. Be true to your true self.

When a great man dies the world says—"There will never be another man just like this man; he stands alone." But this is equally true of each one of us. The world will never see an-

other man just like you; why should it? One is enough. Do not try and be a Shakespeare, God made but one. The world's need was met by that one, and another is not needed, and whatever you are is needed as thoroughly as Shakespeare was needed.

Individuality is your true self; the truth as God has incarnated it in you. You cannot be true to yourself unless you are true to your true self. The man who is true to himself is thus true to his God, true to mankind and true to the universe of which he is a chosen unit. You may be yourself. You can never be anybody else. If you are not yourself it is because you are trying to be somebody else. If you are trying to be somebody else, you are trying to be what you never can be. To be somebody else is to be nobody. Duplicates do not count. The man who tries to be somebody else, rather than himself, is a double failure. He is not himself. He is not somebody else. He is a counterfeit.

"Dare to be a Daniel," says the sacred song. Dare to be yourself says sanctified common sense. Be the man whom God intended you to be. Be yourself. Dare to be as daring as a Daniel. Dare to be what every Daniel has dared to be. Dare to be yourself. Do not *try* and be yourself—just *be* yourself. The youth-

ful vocalist *tries* to sing and contracts the vocal chords until the sweet song becomes a scissored squeak; and the teacher again and again urges the vitalness of relaxation—let your vocal chords alone—simply send forth the soul spirit. The hardest thing for any human being to be—is to be its true self. Strange as it may appear, it is not perfectly natural to be perfectly natural. The man who stands in his own way stands in the way of somebody else. He who stands in his own light stands in the light of another. He who stands with his back toward the sun reduces the sunshine and creates a shadow. He who is false to himself is false to the world.

Jesus Christ stands forth as the supreme illustration of individuality. On the divine character of his individuality rests everything:—"On this rock will I build my church." The most colossal effort which Satan ever put forth, was a blow struck at the divine individuality of Jesus Christ: "If"—"If"—"If thou be the Son of God." That was a settled question. Satan tried to open it. It remained closed, however. The great temptation of a strong man is to doubt his individuality. To question your individuality is to lose it.

## ORIGINALITY.

Man is a little loftier than the animal, and a little lower than the angel. That which makes him most unlike the animal and most like the Almighty is his capacity for thought. The only difference between man and man is the difference revealed by thought measurement. As a man thinketh, so is he.

The first original thought generated by your brain is the first sentence in your autobiography. The man who never thinks out one pure original thought, bearing the trade mark and copyright of his own soul, has not written one sentence or paragraph on the gray parchment of time; the first scroll of which was placed in his lap by the hand of Destiny, when the inner soul said for the first time "*I am.*" Quarry a thought out of the gray granite of your brain!

Every man is born an original thinker. He starts forth in the world with the most thoroughly equipped, A. No. 1. thinking apparatus. The trouble is most men permit other people to run the machine. It ruins a thinking machine

to permit more than one man to use it. There are few original thinkers, talkers or toilers in the world; most men are duplicates; and duplicates of duplicates, twice removed from originality.

The best illustration of an original thinker doing his first work and his best work is that of a prisoner walled in above, below and on every side by blocks of granite and bars of steel, without an implement or instrument with which to tunnel a way out; but he thinks and thinks and thinks and then bores and bores and bores—and finally breathes the air of heaven and the dome of granite is exchanged for the cope of gold. The instrument used by the thinker is an idea, white with heat, quivering with life, flashing with light, and as pointed as the opportune. The thought which transfigures us is almost always instantaneous in its unfolding. There are sudden turning points in the life of an individual. Some star of truth, shining in the deep azure of the intellectual dome for decades, has shot its first clear piercing ray in upon the soul and as speedily appropriate action, matches penetrating reflection.

Materials pass into the burning furnace of the sun's surface and then, when stamped with the sun's signature, and branded with its blazing

autograph, pass downward to the earth, taking shape and form; so all matter, passing into the burning center of the mind, returns bearing the label and directions for use.

There is nothing which will act like a plow in the brain like a question. Question your way into a difficulty and question your way out. When you ask yourself a question and turn to yourself for an answer and delve till you discover the answer—then you are an original thinker. The catechisms of the future will give the questions but not the answers. A clear brain is an intellectual question-drawer, with a few vital questions satisfactorily answered and the manager of the Question Drawer, hard at work, in the highest room he can find, with his face turned toward the rising sun. An original thinker does not ask questions and accept your answers. Nor does he commit your longer or shorter catechisms to memory and recite them to the world. He asks his own questions and seeks for answers which his inner conscience will own.

The way to develop your power of thought is to (1) scrutinize; (2) analyze; (3) organize and (4) utilize. The test of your work will be in the work of utilization. That which works well, is well, taken in the long range. Do not



criticise. Sympathize with your subject. You can never reach the spirit of a man by the use of surgical instruments. Most subjects are like most men. The evolution of a thought is:— (1) Feeling it. (2) Thinking it. (3) Willing it. (4) Executing it. Feeling leads to thought; thought to opinion; opinion gives birth to conviction; conviction to action, habit, character, destiny. God has given you a thinking apparatus—use it. Touch the button; your brain will do the rest. Would you seize an opportunity to think? Listen! When you say to yourself “What that man says is not so; I do not know why it is not; I could not answer him at this moment, but my soul tells me that one of the musical chords in the realm of logic has suffered violence—I know without knowing, that he is wrong.” Begin there and think it out. Don’t read but reason.

A thinker is an individual born with two eyes; the microscope of faithful reason and the telescope of reliable faith. He uses both. Most men look backward, the thinker places himself in a revolving observatory and looks all ways and all around. So far the world has been satisfied to honor the men who were willing to work for it. In the future the crown will be placed upon the brow of the man who will think

for it. When men begin to study a subject, they turn first of all to their Encyclopedia instead of their *Intellectopedia*. Christians turn from the Bible to Bible helps, and seldom, if ever, get time to turn back again. They turn to the book of reference instead of the book of reason. Don't go to the Commentary; go to the common center of your being—your mind, and demand an answer. He is of age ask him. Think it out and you will think yourself in.

The man who is afraid to think is like the man who is afraid to turn on the incandescent light after his house has been wired.

No man has been able to think God out of the universe or himself out of this world alive. No thinker can unthink the past or with unerring accuracy prethink the future. Providence still presides. The man who makes no use of his thought producer, has done all in his power to extinguish the strongest ray of light which God ever shot through the soul of man.

There are more rusted, corroded, mildewed, moth eaten thinking machines in the world than you have any idea of. A man never begins to die till the machine begins to disintegrate. The man who has never used his thought producer cannot be spoken of as really having lived. He existed. Animal existence is not

life. I have seen intellectual imbeciles as fat as pork and as rosy as health and as vigorous as life and as mentally dead as a door mat.

God may use ignorant men, but God has no use for the ignorance of ignorant men. The mole on the face of a mighty man never made the man mighty. Ignorance is weakness. Use your brains or lose them. There are those who ought to act upon this suggestion at once.

The unpardonable sin in the realm of progressive knowledge is intellectual laziness. It is the cardinal sin. It calls for capital punishment. Off goes the head! If any man will not work neither shall he eat. If any man will not think neither shall he enjoy the more abundant life amid the light crowned hills of everlasting thought. Think!

In the Republic of Universal Thought, every thought has a vote and every vote counts. Men who won't think and men who don't vote are both enemies of the truth. The easy going mind never doubts the label on the case of goods; the thorough going mind draws out the nails, takes apart the case and examines the goods. The sluggish intellect, like the passenger on the ocean steamer, as the government officials insist upon going down to the bottom of that mysterious trunk, says: "I wish he would let

that package alone." Men who will not work are physically lazy; men who will not think are mentally lazy. The men who will not think are more numerous than the men who will not work. Indolence is fatal to the body and intellectual indolence is fatal to the brain. A flabby man and a shabby brain. An idiot is an individual whose stock of brains has reached zero in quantity and quality. The *fool* has an average quantity and quality of brain fluid but refuses to make proper use of it. This proves him to be a fool. He is practically no better than an idiot. He is therefore as much worse as he ought to be better. It is purely a matter of the capital invested. On the key-board of thought most men wear the keys right over the pedals (the middle register) to a dark yellow, verging on black; they dare not descend to the deep gutters of questionings or ascend to the high reaches of soundless aspiration.

A brain unused is a brain abused. An idle brain bears a strong resemblance to a brainless idol. Eyes has it; but it sees not. Mouth has it; but it speaks not. Nose has it; but it smells not. Ears has it; but it hears not. A head has it; but it heeds not. Fancies has it; but it formulates not.

The man who will take a brain, bright, clean,

fresh, and new, right from the hands of God and permit it to rust out, ought to be—(the reader will kindly dispose of this man and oblige.)

Here is an opportunity to think. Use it! Are you aware that the greatest compliment which an author can pay a reader is to give him an opportunity to think? He desires it; he deserves it; he can do it. A book should be a thought indicator; an index in the realm intellectual. Give me a good map of the city. I prefer my own society when wandering to and fro. Do your reader the compliment to believe that he can walk a mile if you indicate the direction. Books should open questions; not close them. It is not necessary always to reach a conclusion. Men prefer to reach their own conclusions, and prefer them after they have reached them. The value of a book is its suggestiveness. In your mental bookkeeping it is better to permit an account to remain unclosed, than to accept an unsatisfactory settlement. In the ledger of your intellectual life, in the day book of your ever re-curring thought, nothing is gained by charging or crediting the difference of doubt to profit and loss. Leave the account open.

Your thought indicator is a valuable instru-

ment. Use it. But do not be so much occupied with its tick-tick-tick that you shall not hear your neighbor's machine as it distinctly sounds forth some new quotation from the metropolis of the universe.

The test of a man's thinking ability is made when a new and unfamiliar question comes up. There are four classes:—(1) those who answer without thought or research. (2) Those who go at once to the library to learn what this man and that man has said on the subject. (3) Those who think the matter over thoroughly and then go to the master-writers to see if their own answer is correct. (4) Those who think the matter over carefully, run it out into every realm of nature, compare and contrast in the abstract and concrete, and finally reach the point where thought generates and then return to scholar and student and librarian in order to learn if *they* are correct.

If every hair upon your hair-mattressed dome of thought, has been counted, you are not to be surprised, if every ounce of gray matter in your brain has been weighed, gauged, inspected, and the result recorded for future reference. The Almighty expects a man to use every ounce of gray matter which floats beneath the dome of his mysterious skull. God gave you your brains,

not simply to make a living but by the use of them to make some grand thought live in the world. Brains are indispensable. You can't run an insane asylum unless you have a sane man on the inside of the selfsame insane asylum. It will turn out in the end that the man who made the best use of his brains honored God the most. Many a man who would not dare to turn his back to an audience, turns his back on every bright ray of intellectual incandescence flashed upon his soul.

It is always safe to think. It is entirely orthodox to think. As has been suggested by a great writer, the day of judgment is not half so much to be feared as the day of no judgment. A little knowledge may be a dangerous thing, but it is not half as dangerous as no knowledge at all. Do your own thinking. Do not let the press, pulpit, party, partner, pastor, preacher, priest, or father, or favorite think for you. Be guided in some respects by all of these. Be governed in all respects by none of these. Think for yourself. You ought to know what you believe and the world ought to know it. There are atheists who profess to believe that there is no God, who are just a little bit afraid that there is a God. And there are Christians who profess to believe that there is a God who are just a little bit afraid

there is no God. Come! come! Take a stand. Be one thing or the other. Let the world know where you stand. The need of the hour is men who have convictions and the courage of their convictions.

The average man moves through the world under the shadow of four quotation points, two on either side; and these twin attendants turn their comet like appendages in toward the thought residence of the soul and switch off the first fly of an idea which dares to settle down on the physiognomy of the average man. The result is as follows—"o". A cypher under the body guard of four quotation marks.

The greatest luxury the world has ever known is the luxury of thinking—thinking out aloud so that the world can hear. Men have died for the privilege of indulging in this sacred luxury. All hail to the memory of such! This world has never had occasion to apologize for the thought producer or idea generator. Do not take things for granted; take them for what they are worth. Do not be afraid of your thinking apparatus; the electrical car of thought will not run away with you. There are divine limitations; the tracks have been laid down which ensure progress in the right direction.

The man blind from his birth could not be



blind-folded after his eyes were open. He was a thinker. They could not reason him out of his conviction, so they hustled him out of the temple. It was easier for them to get rid of the man than it was for the man to get rid of the fact. He would rather enjoy good sight beneath the blue dome of heaven, than wander stone blind beneath the dome of even Solomon's temple. An unanswerable man is an unpopular man. But it is better to be cast out of the temple than have two blind eyes as entrances to thine own temple of thought. Better be cast out of the temple than have even a cast in the eye of truth's door.

It is a phrenological fact, that hard thinking and hair-shrinking bear a peculiar relation to each other. Only eternity will explain this. Why do men place the right hand on the back of the head when trying to think? Are they patting the thought on the back? Possibly. How bright and beautiful, glazed and glossed, bare and boney the exterior of a man's skull becomes when the phrenological hills of everlasting thought are shorn of those fine forests of brain over-brush. See that man over yonder? High forehead, ample dome of thought, broad expansive and shining brow, large eyes, half closed and dreamy, as though steeped in the

dewy mists of uncertainty. Who is he? A modern Socrates? A profound philosopher? A —? No; to be very frank he is simply and only a bald-headed man, half-asleep. He has relatives in every community. They are regarded as "very conservative" people. They would make superior presiding officers for a modern Graveyard Protective League.

Distinguish between education and headucation. One builds a man up; the other bulges a man's head out of proportion with his body. It is better to be well proportioned, than to be as profound as a well without water with an accumulation of cans and cats and such collateral at the end nearest the center of gravitation. The profound thinker is very often the individual who has thought himself into an intellectual cloud bank and has not been able so far to think himself out. A man may have his thinking machine so clogged with knowledge that the machine will not work. For every known—"What" there ought to be a known—"Why." Get wisdom but with all thy getting, get understanding. Most men rethink the thoughts of others and imagine that they are thinking their own thoughts.

The question is not "How much does a man know?" But "How well can he think?" It is

necessary to know. It is vital to think. "Get wisdom, but with all thy getting—get understanding." The know how is more important than the know all.

The man who mixes up the thoughts of one with the thoughts of another is an intellectual clinker. The man who weaves a fabric, or builds a boquet, or makes a mosaic out of the thoughts of others is a tinker. He who grinds them all up, turns them into blood, purifies the blood by the deep breathings of intellectual candor, sincerity and honesty, and then accepts the natural product of a natural process and holds it forth to the world, is a thinker.

The difference between the tinker and the thinker, is the difference between the child charmed by the kaleidoscope and the scientist focusing his telescope upon a distant star. While our friend the tinker sits at the feet of Gamaliel, the thinker asks Gamaliel for a map of the city and hears a voice saying—"rise up and walk."

Most book-worms, like the books through which they worm, are a conglomeration of other men's thoughts and some of the thoughts very poor at that. The educational institution which does not teach men to think, is simply a transcriber of ancient history upon the gray tablets of unmatured brains; and in this connection I

may be permitted to remark that the book-worm who produces no book after gormandizing among ten thousand books; writes no essay after swallowing one thousand essays; writes no poem after devouring hundreds of poems, and drinks the strong wine of intellectual intoxication and never strikes a blow for God and humanity, is a intellectual glutton and drunkard, and no better than the bible student, who has marked every other verse in a limp covered bible, and filled the margin of every yellow page with suggestive outlines, and yet never spoken in public or private to saint or sinner, one word of invitation or inspiration. Would it not be a good idea to ask humanity to elect a few of those best qualified to keep the records of the past, and then let the rest of humanity go to work and achieve something worth recording.

The deathday of an old dispensation is always the birthday of a new dispensation; a divine blending of death pangs and birth pangs. The building of one age is the scaffolding of the next.

No better proof of an original soul is needed, than this, that he should pull down the old scaffolding, and give the world a clear view of the edifice. To be able to discern between the building and its scaffolding, is to be an able thinker. That man is a thought generator

who can distinguish between force and form, facts and fads; between the external and the eternal; between the tangible and the substantial. It is the one thing characteristic of the man who is an original thinker, that he can distinguish between the building and the scaffolding. His work is usually to tear down the scaffolding in order that the true edifice may be seen. This is a thankless task. Most men love the scaffolding more than the real building. They have spent most of their years crawling in and out and up and down over that very same scaffolding. But it must come down and the original thinker superintends the work of tearing it down. Down with it.

Scholars may be divided in two classes. First, those who are studying the smoking ruins of the dead past. Second, those who are battling with the burning problems of the divine present, for a man may be a student and not a thinker; a librarian of other men's thoughts, but never adding an original thought to the collection. There is a vast difference between wandering over the burned district—the smouldering ruins of past-thought—and erecting at least one new substantial thought-edifice that shall stand for a generation.

Many scholars are merely messenger boys

moving at the "lightning speed" of the modern messenger between the great thinkers of a former generation, and the thinkers of the generation following, and some there are, who spend their hours of labor, and moments of leisure about evenly, between plating a crown of thorns for the hated heroes of their own generation, and placing a crown of glory upon the honored heroes of a past generation. And so the hated hero is often the apostolic predecessor of the honored hero.

Every man of strong individuality shines like a sun in a dark world. Every solar sun has its attendant moon. There are two men; the man who makes history worth recording, and the man who makes the historical record. The soldier and the scholar. The manager of men and the manipulator of manuscripts. Blazing sun; beautiful moon; Radiance; Reflection. The scholar keeps watch during the long hours of the uneventful night, till the bright sun of a stalwart personality and a vitalizing individuality appears upon the wings of the east, and then the star studded scroll of night is burned into yellow ashes and rolled out of sight. One man creates a cyclone and all humanity turns aside to study it. Never mind which way the wind blows. If you go fast enough, the wind will blow a bugle blast

strong enough to make a thousand students drop their dripping pens and exclaim "What is it?"

The scholar stands with his face toward the past; the student stands with his face toward the future; the scientist kneels with his face toward the earth; the prophet stands looking steadfastly up into heaven; the original thinker mounts the aerial ship of a well-ballasted imagination, and swings up and out into thought's infinite realm, and with his atmospherical chariot as transparent as light, embraces in his sweep of thought, scholar, student, scientist and prophet.

A seed has been known to split a rock; but a single thought has been known to revolutionize an empire.

Logic is the first born child in the family of the human faculties. Logic longs for the light. Logic climbs upward on the pyramidal steps cut and carved in the gray granite of the brain. Up, up, up, from the dense ignorance of the base to the intellectual incandescence of the sun crowned brow, and there greets the advance of the serried ranks of the children of light as the silver points of their uplifted spears are seen crowning the distant horizon like ten thousand quivering rays of light.

Wherever the power of thought exists, the

process of reason results; for reason is another name for the regular and spherical revolutions of those bright constellations, swung by the hand of the creator beneath the soul's arching dome of thought.

As all the light robed planets and life throbbing orbs in the heavens above are manifestly sweeping onward in clusters, cycles and constellations, the armies of infinite space, of which our handful of glittering worlds scattered by the Omnipotent are but the merest suggestion, as these rolling worlds are sweeping onward toward some divinely chosen destination, hid in the sealed orders of the Commander In Chief, so the human reason, in its countless revolutions in the infinite fields of human thought, is sweeping ever onward toward some glorious consummation.

Is it not true, that all men must reason in a circle? Is not everything various parts of the same thing. Is not all truth one truth? Are we looking for God as an insulated and isolated personality when we are enveloped in his all-inclusive personality? Is man simply a conception, awaiting his own incarnation? Is the substantial, only a more substantial shadow of the spiritual? Are we awaiting the due time of our spiritual birth, in the shadowed womb of the



eternal; to be born again, and born from above and borne above; to rest on the strong eternal arms, and repose on the bosom of the divine motherhood, and feel the pulse beats of the great heart eternal and look into the very face of God "In whom we live and move and have our being?"

## A CROWN FOR THEE! A CROWN FOR THEE!

If every moment of my life  
Were a ray of purest light,  
Sweet as the breath of morning,  
Chaste as the lily, and snowy white,  
Then would I gather each living ray,  
From the first which touched my infant sight,  
And the brow once torn by cruel hate  
Should flash and flame with a circle of light.

A crown for thee! A crown for thee!  
Thou Son of Nazareth; Sage of Galilee!  
For thee whose robes of human flesh  
Breathed forth an atmosphere of life.  
A crown for thee, thou child of prophecy!  
For thee, thou soul of Hebrew psalmistry!  
Son of the Eternal, and yet a child of time;  
Even thou hast crowned this life of mine.

A crown for thee! A crown for thee!  
O thou who art altogether lovely,  
Chief among ten thousand, and altogether fair,  
The lily of the valley; the bright and morning Star!  
Son of the highest, yet friend of the lowest!  
*Now* robed in garments, radiant, divine.  
Could I but crown thy life of love  
With this unworthy life of mine!

Thou art the Alpha and the Omega,  
The beginning and the end;  
The all-embracing centre-soul,  
In whom all souls converge and blend.  
Star of the morning, thou art most wonderful!  
Rose of Sharon, thou art most beautiful!  
In Thought's high realm the first and the last.  
In Redemption's story, Messiah, Jesus the Christ.



## INDIVIDUALITY.

Individuality is the mind. Personality is the man. Genius is the manner. Individuality is spirit. Personality is appearance. Genius is habit. Personality impresses. Individuality inspires. Genius focalizes. Personality is the form. Individuality is the force. Genius is the fact and factor resulting from the focalization of power. Individuality is the essence. Personality the appearance. Genius the mental incarnation. The outward appearance of the rose is its personality, the fragrance and perfume of the rose is its individuality. Personality may be splendid and even sublime. Individuality is subtle and penetrating and all persuasive. Beauty is form. Fragrance is spirit.

De Witt Talmage is preeminently a man of genius; he acts rather than feels. Phillips Brooks was a man of strong individuality; he stirred men, but knew not how he stirred them. Beecher was an illustration of genius crowned with individuality. He put his right hand in the hand of Love and his left hand in the hand of

Law. This is the highest manifestation of power. A man has the influence of his personality and the power of his individuality. David was a man of strong individuality; but Saul was a man of more pronounced and imposing personality. Paul if weak in bodily presence was certainly strong in mental vitality. Zaccheus was small of stature but strong of spirit. An excellent spirit was in Daniel. The quality is the measure of the vitality. Vitality is individuality. Individuality is life; more abundant life. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." The divine individuality of Jesus Christ was the highest type because it was the most abundant. He had received the Spirit "without measure."

A man's individuality is the measure of a man's vitality, when compared with other men who move in the same sphere in which he moves. Weak individuality indicates meagre life. Average individuality stands for life equal to the average. Strong individuality is as sure a sign of abundant vitality as a vigorous body is the sign of vigor within the body.

This thing which we call life, vigor, force, vitality—run it out into the different realms—and see how many names are applied to it. In the animal it is called magneticism; in the nervous,

it is called vitality; in the physical, courage; in the mental, brilliancy; in the moral, conviction; in the social, affection; the spiritual, enthusiasm; in the voice, soul; in the face, character; in the eye, color; in the hair, texture; in action, peculiarity; in temperament, propensity; in your writing, "hand;" in your writings, "style;" in music, interpretation; in fine arts, "taste."

Has a man more abundant life in the physical realm, it is called "animal magnetism." Has a man more abundant life in the moral realm, it is termed "strength of conviction." Has a man more abundant life in the spiritual realm, it is spoken of as "unction" or spiritual power.

The man of strong individuality imparts life. His individuality is as mysterious as the life which breathes it forth. Every man has his own explanation of this unexplainable thing. The man's individuality is judged by each individual according to the point at which he was touched. They all agree as to the thrill of power. They are apt to differ as to the theory of its origin. Individuality is a sun glass in the hands of Destiny which catches more than the usual allowance; "a double portion," of the sunbeams of light and life and concentrates them in one burning spear of light on the revolving heart of humanity.

Wherever you find vitality you will find individuality. It can no more be defined than the secret and mystery of life; for it is simply "more abundant" life. Individuality is a step in advance of Genius. Genius constructs; Individuality creates. Genius makes; Individuality moulds. Genius moves things; Individuality moves men. Genius gets men to think; Individuality sets men to work. Genius says: "I have done something Look!" Individuality says: "You must do something Quick!" Genius is a mastering of details; Individuality is an over-mastering idea. Genius constructs; Individuality inspires. Genius is a splendid device; Individuality is a divine voice. Genius throbs; Individuality breaths. Genius is the eye to see; Individuality is the Ego to seize. Genius is the letter; Individuality is the life. Genius is insight; Individuality is inspiration. Genius is the light; Individuality is the lightening. Genius is a beacon light; Individuality is the sun burning in its might. Genius is the head-light; Individuality is the heart-light. Genius reasons in the language of logic; Individuality pleads in the language of love. Genius stands alone, one of a kind; Individuality lives a life for all mankind. Genius is human nature at its best; Individuality is human nature God-blessed.

Genius links nature and human nature: Individuality links the natural and the supernatural. Genius is law in its best interpretation; Individuality is love in a blessed manifestation. Genius is much admired; Individuality much desired. Genius climbs up; Individuality comes down. Gallileo: "The sun still moves;" Webster: "I still live."

The power of Whitefield is not discoverable in the sermons of Whitefield. The voice of a Sankey will not be discernible in the words or the music of the "Ninety and Nine" a hundred years hence. It was the weight of Webster's individuality woven into the fabric of a word which caused a word to "weigh a pound" when he uttered it.

Genius is a long-distance telephone. Genius is a mighty cable uniting two continents. Genius annihilates distance. Genius brings men together. Individuality is the soul's atmosphere; the vital breath of a great spirit. Individuality draws men to the fireside of its own warm personality. "Face to face" is the watchword of its process and progress. It is the prerogative of Individuality to stamp itself upon the individuality of the sons of men. Individuality, the prophet of Jehovah, flings itself in all the abandonment of the self-sacrificing, self-emptying



soul and spirit upon the cold face of the dead child—face touches face—and form overshadows form; and soon the seven-time repeated sign and seal of vitality leaps forth from the renewed soul of the child. Ask the prophet how he accomplished the work of inspiration and resurrection; he knows not; he has simply been the channel through which there has flowed forth life, "*life*"—"more abundantly."

What genius does in investigation or construction it can explain and reduce to writing.

Everything is simple enough when you understand it. Genius makes it plain. Genius may construct a sermon so that you can see its elements of power, but the sermons of Whitefield, Spurgeon and most of the world's famous preachers are a disappointment. Not the Spirit but the letter. Individuality writes its sermon with a pen of fire on the fleshy tables of the heart. Individuality speaks in the language of the heart and every man hears God's voice.

The magicians of Egypt were geniuses. They could make things which would move. But Moses introduced "the moving creature that hath life," and the living, moving, thing swallowed up the things which merely moved. The living thing included and comprehended the moving thing.

Whenever genius, crowned with strong indi-

viduality, breathes life into a poem, or painting, or into any one of the forms which art supplies for the preservation of such abundant life, the life lies dormant until some brother spirit in the realm of individuality gives it a new interpretation. The work of a genius can be explained and reproduced centuries after he has passed away. But Individuality is the spirit of the man, and it takes its flight at the moment his work is done.

Those who are fond of emphasizing natural law in the spiritual world should remember that the real spiritual world, marking the line where the mental and material ceases and where the spirit-man and the spiritual realm begins; just at this point we are brought face to face with a law of love whose operations we cannot determine. It smiles upon natural law and laughs at the natural realm. It seems to be above natural law as the mind is above the material: and the man who breathes its atmosphere, absorbs its life, obeys its will; uttered to the soul in subtle silence and understood only by the sensitive and spiritual soul; that man, in his individuality of spirit and force of soul, out runs the man of genius, as John the spirited-soul-responsive out-ran Peter the impetuous and audacious. As we reach outward toward the

vital we recede from the material. The vital verges upon the invisible. The light by which we see cannot be seen. Light is like the pane of glass which lets in the light—you can see through it, and you can see by it, but it you cannot see. I noticed the other evening that when the search-light was flashed over the city, it was not seen at all, unless its pathway carried it across the pencilled church spire or athwart the bosom of a cloud. This searching spirit needed some material resistance in order to enjoy an incarnation; Man is not only spiritual; man is spirit—the spirit is the man—all else is foundation and soil. Strong individuality is strong spirit vitality. All the emphasis in the New Testament is upon man's need and God's willingness to bestow the spirit. "How much more shall your heavenly Father give the spirit to them that ask Him."

The spiritual is not a substitute for the natural. The spiritual crowns the natural. The supernatural is the diadem resting upon the snowy locks of the natural.

The present dispensation is distinctive and characteristic in this respect—it is the dispensation of spiritual power, through the personality of the individual members of Christ's Kingdom. "There rested upon each of them cloven tongues like as of fire." Since the days of the apostles,

waves, tidal waves of spiritual power, such as the world never knew before Pentecost have swept over the earth.

Notice how the emphasis is placed upon the spirit-life and the spirit-power in the New Testament. Jesus is conceived by the Holy Spirit. John leaps in the womb of his conception. The spirit descends upon Jesus like a dove. Elijah had enjoyed a double portion of the Spirit, but Jesus possessed the Spirit "without measure." Christ's last promise—"The Holy Spirit, the Comforter will I send unto you." "Wait at Jerusalem till ye be endued with power from on high."

Before Jesus Christ came into the world, men had known something of good government; beautiful ritualistic services of the temple type; educational advantages provided in an ever open synagogue; gymnasiums were not new; national legislation even dared to deal with such questions as land, labor, slavery, capital and the like; architecture had achieved its ideal forms; music thrilled the human soul; organization and discipline had been reduced to a science; one half and more of all that is best in the world's literature had already been written; but no living Christ had appeared, who should emphasize the value of the soul's indi-

viduality and the possibility of the soul's reinforcement in a stronger and diviner individuality and a powerful and more pronounced personality. The world needed life, more abundant life.

If you give yourself to God and God gives himself to you—"If ye abide in me and my words abide in you"—then you have the key which unlocks all the treasure of the universe, "ye shall ask what ye will and it shall be given unto you." God sets you loose in his own treasure house. How the jewels sparkle! Wear anything you see fit. Adorn your person as you please. God likes to see his children well dressed.

God is more willing to give the *spirit* than parents are willing to give good gifts to their children. It seems to me that God is more willing to give the spirit than anything else. God is a spirit; God is the Spirit; God desires to give to us the gift of himself.

There is one thing which God is willing to bestow and for which we ask without even a doubt about God's willingness. God desires to give, and you ought to receive the spirit; God would wrap more of himself about yourself. Let Him.

Christ stands saying: "behold I stand at the door and knock—if *any man* will open the door

I will come in." Christ upon the *outside* means a dead church; a revival begins when some member of the church brings Christ in; "if any man will open the door." Every revival of religion begins with some one man; the Holy Spirit never falls upon an organization. The Infinite Spirit deals only with spirit individual. You cannot *merge* spirit-individuality. When the Pentecostal cyclone fell upon the waiting disciples "there rested upon *each* of them cloven tongues as of fire."

The opening of the door of the heart of one lukewarm christian opens the door of the church to a living, vitalizing Christ. Here is opportunity sublime! And here is responsibility overwhelming. One man can create a revival. One man can invite defeat.

The address which I prepare so carefully and read so accurately falls flat. The off-hand talks, which flash forth out of a full heart, capture even the cultured; I can not understand it; the touch is as of life.

True eloquence does not consist in telling men something which they did not know; but in giving expression to the thought for which the soul had found no expression, so that your hearer exclaims: "There, that's it!—That has always been my thought, but I never could express it."

Eloquence is simply an overflow of the heart-springs; "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Rotundance of the lungs is often mistaken for the abundance of the heart, however.

The true orator adds little or nothing to man's sum of knowledge; his business is to apply the burning torch of enthusiasm and fire to the heart of the man whose head is already full of knowledge.

The pulpit is the throne of individuality. The foolishness of preaching is this, that the divinely stamped individuality of the pulpit should stamp itself as deep as a clear cut die upon the individuality of the pew. Anything which dwarfs the individuality of the preacher decreases the power of the pulpit.

Nothing can ever take the place of the pulpit in the church, or the platform in the community, for this is the only channel through which the life of one can touch and thrill the hearts of others. There was a time when the Reverend D. D. was a double doctor. He perscribed heavenly love for the heart and divine logic for the head. In those days the church and school were one and the same institution; a sort of temple and synagogue combined. But the world is no longer dependent upon the church for brain

fertilization, and the man of God who drives the shining furrows of Scriptural truth through heart and conscience and then drops in the seed of eternal wisdom is the man for the hour. The great preachers have been men who threw their own personality into the sermon; preached a personal Christ in a personal manner to the individual personality of the pew.

If the public speaker be not an inspiring instrument he is an impotent instrument; he may entertain, amuse, astonish, edify; but all these can be done to better advantage elsewhere; the orator in the best interpretation of the word, speaks for God.

Men yearn for the touch of a loving soul much more than for the teaching of the learned scholar. Not the brilliancy and beauty of education, but the boon and blessing of inspiration is the thing desired.

The human heart is not to be touched and thrilled by an ordered and orderly array and arrangement of finely constructed arguments, but by the vitalizing touch of some divine alurement.

It is possible, of course, that a man may don his ulster, and stride forth in the face of stinging winds, in order to expatiate over the rare beauties of an icicle: but an icicle is a dependent creature, and appears always to point downward



and sometimes falls without a word of warning in the same direction in which it points. It has no beauty of its own and unless it strikes hands with the sparkling and vivacious sunbeam, it immediately seems to wrap the gray garments of a frosty old age about itself and shiver for very decrepitude.

But Thou Sunbeam! Welcome visitor! Pregnant in March. Born in April. Heir apparent in May. Monarch in June. Tyrant in July. Thou glittering sword of midday. Fresh with burning, blinding, beauty. Shot forth this moment from the hot womb of yonder sun. Moving like a queen among the sons of men and the realms of nature. Singing the song of Life, Life, Life, to the grand old melody of Beauty and keeping time to the well ordered notes of Truth. Child of the Sun. Breath of the morning. Smile of the Eternal Spirit. Incarnation of Life. Thy name is Love. Lavish is thy hand; tinting ocean shell; painting the flower; silvering the leaf; budding the branch; purpling the grape. Heaven's dome of blue; earth's carpet of green; ocean's mosaic of sapphire, are all the work of thy hand. Every circling veil of mist; ten thousand crystal bullets of rain; diamond dew; shimmering stream; fragrant spirits of forest and field, are all thy children. Purpling the everlasting fields of space, decking the trooping

clouds with beauty, wrapping the rainbows of thy blushing arms about the dying storm, and the bright folds of thy white garments about expiring worlds. Borne in upon the bright blush of the morning's dawn, borne out amid the blended beauties of day's decline ; but only a dim shadow of an eternal substance.

I do not sigh for the "reason why"  
Prepared so carefully, presented so skilfully,  
Uttered so eloquently, urged so persistently.  
My soul doth not seek to pry  
Into the realms of mystery.  
I do not care to venture  
Where men are prone to differ.  
Much rather would I stay  
Where troubled hearts may kneel and pray.  
I do not ask for subtle logic about the deity,  
Much rather would I feel some  
Sudden burst of Pentecostal sympathy.  
In the battle of life; in the soul's daily strife,  
Men are hungry at heart for a crumb or a drop,  
For the food which cometh down from above,  
For the bread which is sweeter,  
For the waters which burst, forth  
From the Throne: quenching soul-thirst.  
For the wisdom which cometh down from above,  
For the language of heaven, and the logic of love.

## GENIUS.

DURING my vacation last year I spent a week in a manufacturing town in Eastern Pennsylvania, whose population numbers about five thousand. An old resident of the place, whom I had the pleasure of meeting, informed me, not only with reference to the "points of interest," for which the thoughtful vacationist is always on the lookout, but went so far as to single out a dozen or more individuals whose personality happened to be of that pronounced type as to make them conspicuous in their individuality, standing head and shoulders above their townsmen, a wonder to their neighbors, a mystery to themselves, and an honor to the entire community. One man was described as a "born orator," while another was praised as a "born poet." This man was a "born preacher," while that man was a "born leader." The list numbered about twenty, I should say, among which there was a "born musician," "a born artist," "a born doctor," "a born lawyer," "a born statesman," "a born politician," "a born financier" and "a born accountant."

I was strongly impressed with the fact that (if my informant informed me correctly) there did not appear to be in any case two of a kind. There were not two "born musicians" or two "born orators" to dispute the right of sovereignty in their own particular department of genius. Each one of these men of genius stood forth alone and aloof, rising like some cloud-robed mountain peak, in solemn and sublime splendor up and above the broad level of common humanity, stretching down below. This impressed me as being extremely pleasant and convenient and agreeable for the favored few, "born" to honor and immortality. But after a most thorough search through the befogged brain apparatus of my friend, the aged resident above referred to, who by the way appeared to move in the mist thrown off by these great snow-clad ice bound mountain peaks of human greatness, beneath whose shadow he grouped his uncertain way—I failed to ascertain that the remaining four thousand nine hundred and seventy-five, (more or less) specimens of humanity had been brought into this world with any definite plan or purpose on the part of God or nature. Born evidently for nothing in particular, except perhaps to provide an immense platform upon which these fifteen or twenty

might strut forth backward and forward and sideways, robed in the glittering garb of their own greatness. This set my thought manipulator in motion. I retired to my room. Opened a fresh bottle of ink. Adjusted a new pen in the holder. Arranged a slice of snow white paper on my desk, and waited for my thought-indicator, inspired by the electricity of an old but still vigorous truth, to tick forth its sparks of genius. The result is respectfully submitted.

—"Genius is capacity for hard work" along the line of your own natural qualifications.—

—There are "born poets," "born orators," and "born musicians," and every man is a "born" something, and every man is born for something.—

—The man who finds out what God has qualified him to do and who does that—all of that—that all the time—that and nothing but that—and that with all his heart—will some day be crowned with the appellation of "Genius."—

—"Second-nature" usually turns out to be seconded nature. Nature says: "I move." Human nature says: "I second the motion;" and then the bill passes both house; Head and Heart, and the Will never vetoes such action.

—There is something you can do; you can do it better than you can do anything else; you

can do it better than anybody else can do it. There is something for you to do which will remain undone for all time and eternity if you don't do it.—

—Genius in its root and essence means that one man can do just about one thing and do it well.—

—Genius is one man, doing one thing and doing it as well as one man can do one thing—who loves to do that one thing, and loves to do nothing else as well, and does nothing else but what he loves to do.—

—The greatest discovery in the world is the discovery of a man. Every man is a “born Genius.” Every man has peculiar qualifications for some special work. If he never finds out what it is, his life rises no higher than the average level; if he does find out, then there rises a mountain peak on the plain.

—Genius is an eye to see, an ear to hear, a heart to feel, a hand to seize, a head to scrutinize, a brain to analyze, a mind to utilize, and a will to realize, and feet that shall keep step to the pulse beat of just one soul-throbbing thought: “This one thing I do.”—

—The Irish have a genius for humor, the French for wit, the English for tenacity, the German for plodding, the Italian for expression,

the Spaniard for spirit, the Hebrew for shrewdness, the African for emotion, the Chinese for imitation, the Japanese for industry, and the American for enterprise, and so each individual has some peculiar trait favorable to some one trade or profession.—

—The eye has a genius for light; the ear has a genius for sound, the nose has a genius for fragrance, tongue for taste, stomach for digestion, brain for thought, hands for motion, nerves for emotion, feet for locomotion, and so every man like every member of man's body has a genius, a leaning, a bent or bending toward some one favorite occupation.

—The right hand has a genius for aggressive work; in this hand you grasp the sword, cane, trowel, mallet, umbrella. The left hand has a genius for conserving—holds the reins—receives packages to hold and carry—supports you if you lean against speaker's desk when before the public. The left hand holds the shield, the right hand swings the sword.—

—For everything which moves, there must be something which moves not. Every stir needs a stay. The throbbing dynamo must rest on a foundation which cannot be made to throb. No lightning Express unless there be a tightening of the rails which afford a narrow pathway.

Every liberty has of necessity a limitation. For everything seen there must be an adequate unseen; for every fruit a deep fixed root.—

Genius is supernatural application. The only genius which is genuine, is genius for hard work. Genius is capacity for hard work along the line of your natural qualifications. Genius finds out the bendings of the individual nature's "bent" and bends that way. Genius rises upon the two wings of reflection and repeated action. Genius has discovered that the so called off-hand has been the longest on hand. Genius has discovered that the lowlands of the county of Effortshire lead finally to the sun crowned hills Ease and Pleasure. He who searches for wealth but shirks all work while he searches will be crowned with such success as shadowed the colored man who, one dark night, took an extinguished candle, and went down into a dark cellar to look for a black cat, which was *not* there. Nothing will "take place" for the man who is not willing to take pains. He who trusts always to luck—trusts only to lose. Hard work is the only cure for hard times. If all would labor to get, in order to be able to give, all labor would be a labor of love. When every laborer becomes a capitalist and every capitalist becomes a laborer; there will be exactly two classes; the



working class and the shirking class; labor men and lazy men; and the one class will annihilate the other—and the world will be happy.

The thing which you are afraid to do will do the most for you if you move forward and do it. The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it at that point where his brains ought to be. The street called Aimless leads to the town of Brainless. The street called Vagueness leads to the city of Vacuity. You may yearn for success, but you can't *yawn* yourself into success. The man who proposes to live by his wits, usually lives by his wickedness. Find the man who goes about with his hands in his pockets and by and by you will find those hands in somebody else's pockets. A bracing atmosphere produces vigorous men. The weak and sickly seek the sunny slope. Those born in the lap of luxury may need the rap of poverty before they do anything which will honor ancestry or enrich posterity.

Genius crowns the insignificant as significant. Detail determines destiny. The small sustains a vital relation to all. The little thing is the main spring. Wholesale is child of retail. The universe rests on the unit. The insignificant sustains the infinite. One of nature's fixed laws is this; that nothing on the surface of the earth



will fix itself unless you fix it; or stay fixed unless you stay by it. Nothing runs itself in this world; your own thinking machine is useless without lungs to inspire it and a heart to pulse it and a stomach to supply the raw material. Gravitation is the only thing which seems to run itself. It will run your affairs also if you are not careful. It is easy to add a few extra cares to your burden when you are going down hill. Master Momentum, the only son of Mrs. Gravitation, always has a special errand in that direction. The universe rests upon the unit. Digestion, is simply the stomach individualizing each atom and sending it to its proper place. When the stomach grows tired of detail work and the atom loses its individuality in the mass—the mass of atoms become an atomic mob—and you become painfully aware that a French revolution in the realm physical is in progress. The doctor says it is indigestion caused by amassing the atoms like a mob when they ought to have been permitted to march like a well organized army or multitude. Over and over, again and again, we are informed, as earth's great orators and the souls truly eloquent pass away, that they moved on a plain too high to mould sentences or shape lines or grind out composition. Don't be deceived; they did it so well that you couldn't

see them do it. Look after the little things. Shake the door mat. Clean out the grate. Shake the carpets. Wash out mucilage bottle. Wash off ink stand. Wind up clock. Oil engine. Patch the garment. Sew on that loose button, etc. The little thing is the belt that moves around the wheel closest to the main spring.

Genius is quality. Give the world your best at its best and you shall be blest with the best the world can give. Men have been made immortal by one act, one speech, one sentence, one book, one poem. The poem which made the man famous was saved by the quality of one verse. The verse that saved the poem, that won immortality for an otherwise unknown poet, was saved by two lines which flashed with the incandescent light of genius. Genuis is quality. Genuis is that concentration of energy and ability which produces the best at its very best. Quality! It is not what you do but how you do what you do. It is not how much, but how well. It is not your sphere, but your spirit. It is not your position, but your disposition. "How do you do?" Is a more important question than most people suppose. Quality is secured by a law of aristocratic selection and exclusion. Most books are like most trees; many leaves, but not

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much fruit. How tiresome to wade through a book made up of two or three ounces of brain butter spread over three hundred thin slices of paper—and pay for the privilege. Little books are apt to live the longest. All the books of the Bible are little books, and the Bible is not a large book. The books of the future will be little books—every page white with light and gray with brain and flashing with glittering thought and beautiful in the blending of every color of light, and shapely in the proper proportion of form.



## A CHILD OF THE INFINITE.

Bright as bright crimson, and as ruddy as the rose,  
Moves the warm under-current, which unceasingly flows,  
Forever receding from the dim shores of history,  
Forever proceeding toward the seas of eternity —  
Studded richly with fleets, white-winged messengers of  
mystery,  
Sailing over the seas like the children of prophecy.

And steadily it flows onward, gulf stream of eternity,  
And it utters one word, the soul's silent symphony,  
In the heart's quick contraction and its bright-hued expulsion,  
Whose rapid pulsation, repeated unceasingly,  
Speaks ever most eloquently of an infinite sympathy,  
Ever true to the soul's thirst for bright immortality.

And thus the sweet breath of an overarching supremacy,  
And the sweet sounding vespers of everlasting fidelity  
Are hymned for the weary, for souls pierced with pain,  
And the heart's throbbing, and bleating, and unceasing refrain  
Is the voice of Jehovah, quivering, tremulous as time,  
Saying: *Child of the Infinite; My Child, thou art mine.*



## **"THE MIND, I, MYSELF."**

There is a vast continent known as **THE MATERIAL**: it is encircled by a sea which is called **THE INFINITE**. Upon this sea, and inward toward this continent, there constantly floats, white winged fleets crowded with passengers, all of whom are spoken of as **IDEAS**. Upon this continent there can be seen innumerable dwellings. I will describe one.

**THE THOUGHT HOUSE**. The owner of the Thought House always occupies the best room. The clerk who presides over this transitory abode of the children of thought may always be found at the focal point: the Office. He never leaves this spot. His meals are brought to him. He is always awake when the guests are awake but always asleep when the guests are asleep. The clerk's name is **WILL**: everybody calls him by his first name. He is respected by every guest, anyone of whom would leave his room at a moment's notice to do him service.

The arrival of a new guest at this home for the travellers of the mental realm, always attracts considerable attention. Old Mr. Settled Conviction,



whose room is next door to that of the proprietor's, is peculiarly sensitive as to the character of new guests. He has a half brother who looks considerably like him. His name is Partial Prejudice. He is very often mistaken for his brother Mr. Settled Conviction. They occupy adjoining rooms. Partial Prejudice does not seem to enjoy as good health as his brother, being affected by some sort of rheumatism in the joints of his body. He positively refuses to give his approval to the entertainment of new guests and always claims that every spare room is occupied. The walls of his room are covered with books upon ancient history, which are his special study and delight.

There is one seemingly rather sad and melancholy aspect of the Thought House. When the proprietor passes away not a guest will consent to remain. The moment the departure of the head of the house is announced, the clerk disappears, every room is instantly vacated, not a servant is to be seen, and the open doors and gaping windows, without the suggestion of a bright eye, or a sunny smile, or a loving syllable, or anyone of the romping children of Thought, is indeed depressing to contemplate: so much so that the former abode of these departed ones is never occupied again; but the friends who reside in the neighborhood, take one last loving look at that which seems to be

nothing better than the abode of Death and all his horrid brood: nevertheless the seeds of a vine called the Clinging Fingers of Human Memory, moistened with human tears, are sown all about the old building and soon the climbing branches cover it with blossoms of beauty.

There is a time-honored tradition that for all of these deserted residences of the children of Thought, a bright day will dawn, when the old proprietor, who when he occupied the old tenement, spoke of himself, and not immodestly, as I, MYSELF, will return, renewed in youth, and with him he will bring all the old guests, who like himself shall be crowned with life and vigor (excepting one called Partial Prejudice who will never be seen again) and that for ages untold, yes, never ending, Truth and the Sons of Truth shall live and reign forever.

**THE END.**



















